*Prince.* Well, here is my legge.

*Falſ.* And here is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

*Ho.* O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfayth.

*Fal.* Weepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

*Ho.* O the father, how he holdes his countenance?

*Fal.* For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene:
For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

*Ho.* O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

*Fal.* Peace good Pint-pot; peace good tickle braine.
*Harry*, I doe not onely marueil where thou ſpendeſt thy time, but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Cammomile the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſonne, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion; but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lieth the point; why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a nicher, and eate Black-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the Sonne of *England* proue a thiefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of Pitch; this Pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: For *Harry*, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares: not in pleaſure, but in paſsion; not in wordes onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prin.* What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man yfaith, & a corpulent, of a cheerfull looke, a pleaſing eye, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I thinke, his age ſome fifty, or byrlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember me, his name is *Falſtaffe*: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For *Harry*, I ſee vertue in his lookes; if then the tree may be knowne by the fruite, as the fruite by the tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtaffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell mee now, thou naughty varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou been this month?

*Prince,*



*Prin.* Doſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for
and Ile play my father.

*Fal.* Depoſe me, if thou doſt it halfe ſo grauely, ſo ma
cally both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles
Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

*Prin.* Well, heere I am ſet.

*Falſ.* And heere I ſtand, iudge my maiſters.

*Prin.* Now *Harry*, whence come you?

*Falſ.* My noble Lord, from *Eaſtcheape*.

*Prin.* The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

*Falſ.* Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay, Ile tickle ye
young Prince yfaith.

*Prin.* Sweareſt thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth nere lo
on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a
uell hauntes thee in the likeneſſe of a fat old Man, a tun of
is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunk
humors, that boulting-hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne pa
of Dropſies, that huge bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloke-
of guttes, that roſted Manning tree Oxe with the Puddin
his belly, that reuerent Vice, that gray Iniquitie, that fa
Ruffian, that vanity in yeares: wherein is he good, but to
Sacke and drinke it? wherein neate and cleanly, but to car
Capon & eate it? wherein cunning, but in Craft? wherein c
tie, but in Villanie? wherein villanous, but in all things? wh
in worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take mee with you: wh
meanes your Grace?

*Prin.* That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth,
*ſtalffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

*Fal.* My Lord, the man I know. *Prin.* I know thou d
*Fal.* But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſe
were to ſay more then I know: that he is old (the more the
tie) his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is (ſauing you
uerence) a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if Sacke & Su
be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry
ſinne, then many an old Hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to
fatte, be to be hated, then *Pharaos* leane Kine are to be lou
No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardol*, baniſh *Poins*;